

S O N N E T                      L X X X I I .



THE Chariot, with tHe Steed is drawn  
along. Ships, winged with Winds, swift hover  
on the waves. The stubborn Ploughs are  
hauled with Oxen strong. Hard Adamant,  
the strongest Iron craves, But I am with thy  
beauty strongly forced; Which, full of  
courage, draws me like the Steed. Those  
Winds, thy spirit; whence cannot be  
divorced. My heart the Ship, from danger  
never freed. That strong conceit on thy  
sweet beauty lade;  
The strong-necked Ox which draws my  
Fancy's Plow, Thine heart that Adamant,  
whose force hath made My strong desires  
stand subject unto you ! Would I were  
Horse, Ox, Adamant, or Wind ! Then had I  
never cared for Womankind,

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DAWK Night! Black Image of my foul  
Despair ! With grievous fancies,  
cease to vex my soul ! With pain,  
sore smart, hot fires, cold fears, long  
care !  
(Too much, alas, this ceaseless stone to roll).  
My days be spent in penning thy sweet  
praises ! In pleading to thy beauty, never  
matched ! In looking on thy face ! whose  
sight amazes My Sense; and thus my long  
days be despatched. But Night (forth from  
the misty region rising), Fancies, with Fear,  
and sad Despair, doth send! Mine heart,  
with horror, and vain thoughts agrising. And  
thus the fearful tedious nights I spend !  
Wishing the noon, to me were silent night;  
And shades nocturnal, turned to daylight.